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### The Omdurman Atrocity.

"We challenge any sane man to attempt to realize that battlefield, and then to stand up in God's daylight and say that it is good." So writes the editor of a London journal in reference to the horrible butchery at Omdurman, over which so great a portion of England has gone wild with delight. Something of the loathsomeness of the scene may be gathered from the picture, given in the London *Daily Mail*, of the trenches at Atbara after the battle there last spring:

"There were black spindle-legs curled up to meet red-gimbleted black faces; donkeys headless and legless, or sieves of shrapnel; camels with necks writhed back onto their humps, rotting already in pools of blood and bile-yellow water; heads without faces, and faces without anything below; cobwebbed arms and legs, and black skins grilled to crackling on smouldering palm-leaf."

But Atbara was only the ante-room of Omdurman. At the former place General Kitchener and his forces were only "whetting their tusks," by a little practice, for the general massacre at the latter. And what dreadful work these Christian tusks made of it for a few hours! At the end of the revel, not less than ten thousand lay dead and mangled beyond recognition, and from fifteen to twenty thousand were writhing or crawling about in agony on the blood-soaked earth, while "from every straw shelter thin streams of blood oozed out, blackening in the scorching vertical sun."

And what did the Christian Sirdar do with these thousands of wounded dervishes? The *Saturday Review* and the *Standard* say that squads of Egyptian soldiers were sent out to kill them off, in order to save lint and other necessities, and to keep the limited staff of medical attendants and nurses from being overworked. No wonder that General Kitchener tried to keep the newspaper correspondents out of the way. The worst newspaper correspondent that ever manufactured stories out of whole cloth has not sunk to a lower depth of infamy than an English general who, in cold blood, is capable of doing what was done at Omdurman. There is only one depth of barbarism lower than this — the eating of those slain in battle. What shall be said of a Christian public, in England or America, which will deliberately shut its eyes and condone such an atrocity on the ground that it was a necessary work of civilization against these "fiends incarnate"? Fiends incarnate! In which garb?

There is a theory of some Christians — not ourselves — that the world is to grow worse and worse until it finally becomes so bad that the Son of Man will descend in wrath and smite all sinners from the face of the earth, to make room for the handful of saints left. It begins to look, in the light of the

deeds of Sir Herbert, who has evidently been brought up on this sort of theology, as if this descent of the Son will not be necessary. All He will need to do is to encourage the Christian nations to follow up the Sirdar's methods, to which they seem so much inclined, and then He can stay quietly in Heaven, and they will accomplish the work for Him — all of it except their own destruction, which He may have to reserve to himself, if they should not succeed in annihilating one another, after blotting out all the "fiends incarnate."

We are glad to know that there are still people in England, some of whom retain their voices, who have some respect left for the teachings of the Gospel. Mr. W. S. Blunt, writing in the London *Times*, says of this Omdurman horror: "The misgovernment of the Khalifa has been immensely exaggerated for political purposes. . . . Knowing Nile politics intimately as I do, and bearing the past in mind, I will not hesitate longer to say that a massacre so gigantic in its proportions and so little justified by any circumstances of necessity or self-defense, was never committed by a civilized European nation since modern wars began."

Sir Wilfrid Lawson and others have written in the same transparent way. But in spite of the evident atrocity of the deed, or rather because of it, Christian England proposes to recognize the deed as her own, as it is her own, by giving General Kitchener a purse of £25,000 and putting him into the House of Lords as Lord Kitchener of Khartoum. She ought to set up a new division of Parliament for such as he, and enter him as Lord of the Bloody Valley.

### The Horrors of the War.

The recent war had its full quota of horrors. No war ever had more of them in the same number of weeks. One cannot think of them in their terrible reality without shuddering. Most people will not picture them to their minds at all. The imagination instinctively refuses to go through such shocking and loathsome details. But they were there just the same, and whoever says that the war was righteous and glorious must, if he is honest, say it with all these horrors before his imagination.

The first instalment of horrors came in Manila harbor, on Sunday morning, the first day of May. Little mention was made of these horrors in the account of the "glorious" victory. There were but few casualties on "our side," only a few men slightly wounded, not a ship lost, not a man killed. It was nearly a "bloodless" victory. Was it? A few thousand yards away, what was happening? There was plenty of blood there. Men were crushed into jelly by the murderous shells, or blown into unrecognizable fragments. The ships were set on